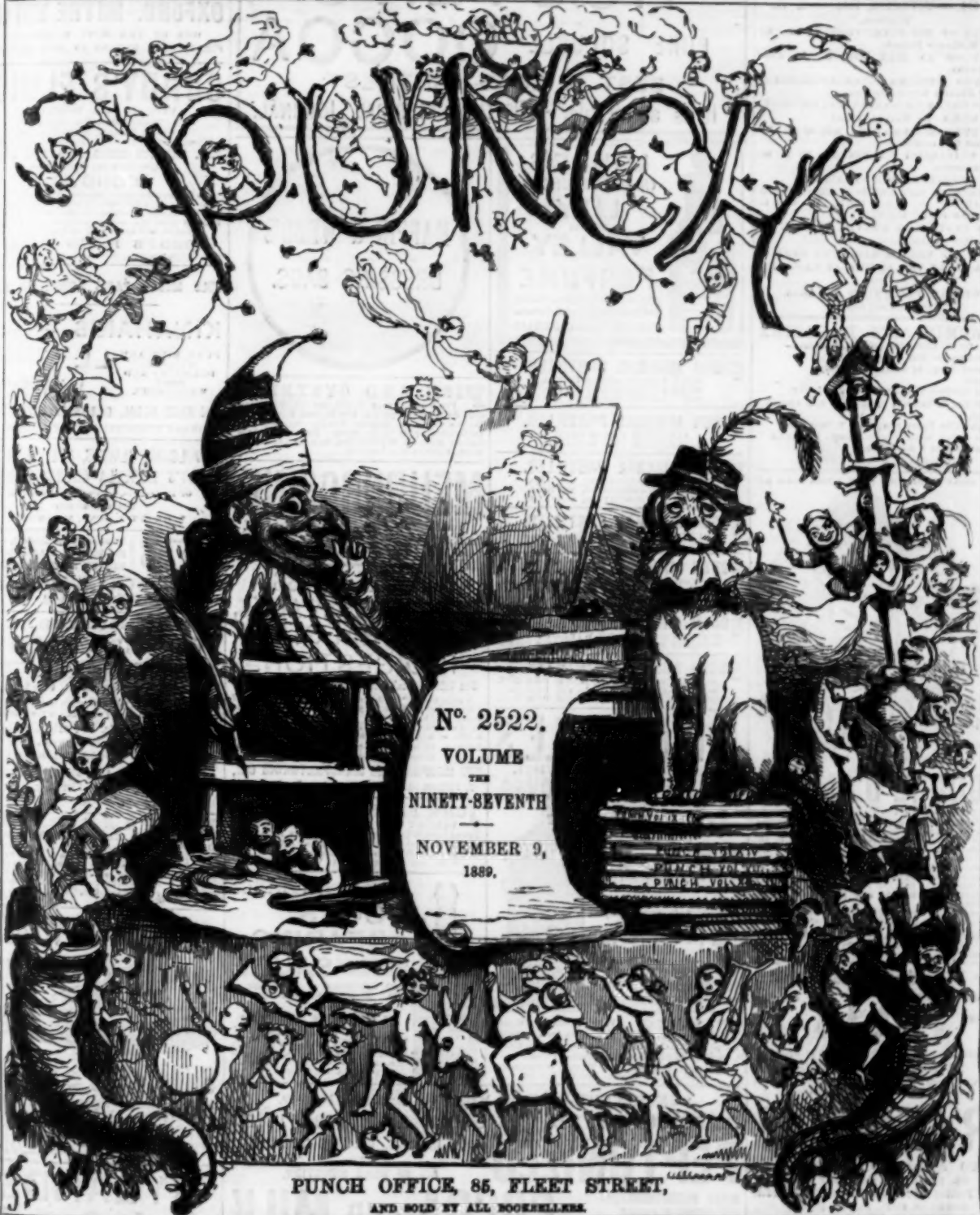


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RYLANDS' DACCALICOES
ARE THE BEST.

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

X.

"EASTWARD!" the Shadow
 murmured. "Not the
 East
 Whose every aspect is an optic
 feast
 Of rich and radiant colour.
 The orient rather of dim light
 and dun,
 Of shadowed lives and a smoke-
 hidden sun,
 Of poverty and dolour."

'Twas not the reek of the
 flower-spangled swamp,
 This thick miasma, deadly
 chill and damp,
 That rose as down we
 flitted
 O'er dull, rain-sodden roofs
 and chimneys black,
 Wastes where the stretch of
 poverty's soul-rack
 Is never intermitted.

No gleam, no gladness, save the garish glare
 Of taverns, whence shrill laughter smote the
 air,
 Mirthless, half maniac laughter.
 The huddled houses ranged in dismal rows,
 Seeming the sordid homes of wasting woes
 From cellarage to rafter.

"Yon southern suburb," said my shadowy
 guide,
 "Held remnants sparse of squalid human
 pride
 And piteous human passion;
 Here all seems subter-human. Yet the slum
 Holds hearts and heroes, though in rhetoric
 dumb,
 In raiment out of fashion."

"Look down!" I looked, and in an attic
 lone,
 With blank foul floor, and hearth of bare
 cold stone,
 A grey-faced woman, grizzled
 By years and sorrows, sat and shrank, in
 vain,
 From the damp walls whence oozed the ruth-
 less rain
 That through the dark night drizzled.
 The rifted roof leaked misty moisture down
 On her grey locks; her frayed and scanty
 gown

To her shrunk bosom huddled,
 Stilled not the shiverings of her ill-fed frame,
 Chilled by the rusty grate devoid of flame,
 The rotting floor rain-puddled.

Yet worked she on. Ah yes, she worked,
 worked, worked;
 The one dead burden that may not be shirked,
 Whilst lingers life's last ember,
 Is drudgery. That still weights her morn
 and noon,
 Through the rare gleams of London's leaden
 June,
 The fogs of drear December.

Alone, age-stricken, grey and silent, she
 Stitches on there. A mug of cold pale tea,
 A slice of bread, sole diet
 Of the poor struggling solitary, stand
 Hard by her; so, with work and food at
 hand,

She plods on, pale yet quiet.
 This is her world; from year to year she sits,
 Needless of Babylon's wealth as of its wits,
 Its pleasures, panics, prophets;
 All pass her by, she never sees the sun
 Shine on a field; her home is this damp, dun,
 Most desolate of Tophets.



Ten years of this grim life of want and toil
 Have left her premature and hopeless spoil
 Of age and grinding labour.
 Her needle and her garret she leaves not,
 Save for "the Shop." Mute drudgery is her
 lot

And venal vice her neighbour.

"What is her work?" I cried, "if that be
 work
 Which is a worse task-master than the Turk?"
 "Look closer," said the Shadow,
 "Oh, shrink not! Wise Economists will say
 Her fingers must wax thin, 'tis the sole way
 To stock Trade's Eldorado."

"'Shirt-finishin,' good friend, at three poor
 pence
 The dozen garments; and, with toil intense,
 Unceasing, superhuman,
 She may earn some three shillings in the week.
 Hideous? Nay, eager hundreds vainly seek
 The 'luck' of this lone woman!"

"Hard-by are harsher scenes, sick husbands
 prone,
 Dead children coffinless. She is alone
 This slave, and so half happy. [box,
 And now look yonder!—In his snug stage-
 With sheeny front, trim shoes and flaming
 socks,

Lounged what slang dubs a "Chappie."

That means a callow, callous cad, a thing
 All dandy insolence and diamond ring,
 And cynic cockney "patter."

"There," said the Shadow, "sits the ghoul
 who thrives
 Upon the labour of such lingering lives.
 Could he look rosier, fatter?"

"He owns the rookery whence, by roguish
 sleight,
 From bodily ill and spiritual blight
 Greed sucks a rich subsistence.
 Ten thousand needles flash, with brush and
 paste

A myriad match-slaves drudge dull years
 To yield such brutes existence.

"Ill-paid they are, half famishing may be,
 Bare are their lives of comfort as of glee;
 But one thing they must offer
 To the new Moloch. Yes, the Rent! the
 Rent!

Must come, the maw of Mammon to content,
 And cram his gaping coffer.

"No, eighteen-pence a week may not seem
 much

To yield to the edacious monster's clutch;
 But for this hideous hovel

To halve, not tithe, yon broken woman's
 wage,

Proves that the master deity of the age
 In greed's worst slough can grovel.

"Yet she complains not, but—is't not
 absurd?"—

Laments the losing of the poor starved bird
 Dead in the cage hung yonder.

How foolish are the poor! What shred of
 sense

In moaning o'er the loss of an expense?

A question this to ponder!"

(To be continued.)

A LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCE.

The Charnelhouse,

MR. PUNCH, SIR, *Kensington Gore.*

I WRITE to protest, in the strongest
 possible manner, against a gross breach of
 faith on the part of the Management of one
 of our most fashionable, popular, and select

places of enter-
 tainment. They
 are exhibiting
 Cannibals, Sir,
 genuine Canni-
 bals, from Tierra
 del Fuego. So
 far, I have no
 complaint to
 make. Nothing
 can be more im-
 proving to a cultivated mind than the con-
 templation of genuine Cannibals. But the
 Management advertise as follows:—"The
 Cannibals will be fed at 2'30, six, and
 ten o'clock." I went there, Sir; I took
 my wife, my wife's mother (who is now
 on a visit to us), and a young family,
 of ages varying from eleven to three-and-
 a-half. I reached the hall some time
 before 2'30, and engaged front seats, being
 naturally anxious not to miss so rare and
 interesting a spectacle. Conceive my feelings,
 imagine the keen disappointment of my wife
 and children, the indignation of my mother-
 in-law, when we found that we had been
 made the victims of what I must really take
 the liberty to characterise as a most unprin-
 cipated deception! The Cannibals were fed,
 Sir, and I fully admit that their manners at
 table were as uncivilised and repulsive as
 could be possibly desired—but of what did
 their repast consist? I do not hesitate to say
 —and I challenge the Proprietors to contra-
 dict my statement—that those Cannibals were
 not supplied with their natural sustenance.

To avoid all possibility of mistake, we spent
 the entire day there, revisiting the entertain-
 ment at six and at ten, and occupying places
 from which an uninterrupted view of the
 performance could be obtained. Sir, there
 was not so much as one solitary baby provided
 for those anthropophagists! Need I say that
 we came away disgusted by the imposition
 that had been practised upon us, and deter-
 mined to expose it forthwith in your hospita-
 ble columns. My youngest daughter, aged
 six, positively shed tears at finding the reality
 so far from her anticipations; and I believe
 I am correct in stating that the majority of
 the audience fully shared our emotions.

The Public must not be trifled with in this
 manner. Let the London County Council
 see to it, and insist that those who cater for
 popular amusement should faithfully per-
 form their side of the contract, or take the
 natural consequences!

I am, Sir, yours, indignantly,

GLOATINGTON GOOLE

(Fellow of the Royal Vegetarian Society).

P.S.—They would not even return the
 money at the doors!





MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

"LABBY IN OUR ABBEY."

(By a Westminster Chorister, to the Air of
"Sally in our Alley.")

I.

Of all the Rads that are so smart
There's none like crafty LABBY,
He learns the secrets of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey;
There is no lawyer in the land
That's half as sharp as LABBY,
He is a demon in the art,
And guileless as a babby!

II.

For "Bomba BALFOUR" in the week
There seems to be no worse day,
Than is the one that comes between
A Tuesday and a Thursday.
For then we read each foul misdeed
"Unmanly, mean and shabby,"
Exposed to view in type so true
By penetrating LABBY.

III.

LORD SALISBURY and the Tories, all
Flout, gibe, and jeer at LABBY,
Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
A sleepy set and flabby;
And ere their seven long years are out,
Could they be rid of LABBY,
"Snug lying" they might find for him;
But not in our Abbey!

RESEARCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I DO not remember ever having read a copy of your paper, but I have been told that it is chiefly devoted to Psychological Research; so you will probably be glad to receive an account of an experiment which I made the other day. Although I am only reading for the Pass Degree, I am a man of considerable intellectual attainments, and I have devoted a great part of my time to the study of Hypnotism, and Transcendental Medicine.

Now, on the evening of Monday, October 21, I happened to pick up a Number of a Cambridge Periodical, *The Granta*, in which the Editor offered a money prize for the best definition of—(1) a Dean; (2) a Tutor; (3) a Father; (4) a Senior Wrangler; (5) a Freshman; (6) a Bedmaker. The only definitions I had ever read were in a little book bearing the fanciful title of *Euclid*, and written by a Mr. TODHUNTER; and although the work is generally considered sound as far as it goes, I found that there was absolutely no mention in it of Deans, or Bedmakers, or anything of the sort. Feeling sure that the omission was purely accidental, I determined to discover what Mr. TODHUNTER would have written if he had thought of it.

I therefore took a *Euclid* paper, and, with the assistance of a sporting friend, selected the hardest rider in it. I obtained from a good mathematician, a strong solution of this rider, which I injected into my left arm. I then hypnotised myself by attending a meeting of our College Essay Society, having previously taken the precaution of placing a pencil and paper in my hand. My friend BINDLES had hardly commenced his duties as Chairman, before I fell into a trance. Upon recovering, I found the following on the paper before me, in my own handwriting:—

(1) A Dean is the Deometer of a college parallelogram. (Hence the Porter's formula, "The Dean's compliments, Sir, and would you kindly be more regular, &c.")

(2) A Tutor is the mean between the lowest common Undergraduate and the Master of the College. (Acknowledgments to a recent Master of Trinity.)



HOSPITAL-ITY.

Hospital Physician (with a view to diagnosis). "WHAT DO YOU DRINK?"
New Patient (cheering up at the proposal). "OH, SIR!—THANK YOU, SIR—WHATEVER YOU
—I LEAVE THAT TO YOU, SIR!"

(3) A Father is a plain figure called the Boss, and is such that, when properly squared, cheques will be drawn by him up to a certain point. (Show that the father's banking account varies inversely as the altitude of the son.)

(4) A Senior Wrangler is the projection of Mr. WEBB upon a gifted Johnian.

(5) A Freshman is one off whom, if any two points be taken, the appreciation of those points lies wholly with the man who took them. (6) A Bed-maker lies evenly upon any point.

I hardly think it necessary to call your attention, Sir, to the remarkable nature of this experiment. Personally, I attribute it to my peculiarly sensitive temperament. My friend BINDLES thinks it is the college beer, which has not been quite up to the mark lately. But BINDLES knows nothing of Psychology.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

MARIADA LILLAM.

"STORIES BY BRET HARTE."—Every reciter, amateur and professional, will do well to master them, as he is expected to know "stories by heart."



METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

ADVANTAGE MIGHT BE TAKEN OF THE MOUNTAINOUS CONDITION OF ANY PUBLIC THOROUGHFARE, WHEN "UP," TO RUN A SWITCHBACK RAILWAY FROM, SAY, CHANCING CROSS TO THE BANK.

"GIBBING."

It is said that the Bishop of GIBRALTAR,—whose see *in partibus* includes the Mediterranean Sea and "all round and about that quarter," so that St. Peter's is a kind of parish church in his Lordship's diocese, and the Pope an aggrieved parishioner,—is about to fulminate once more, or ere this has already fulminated, against the iniquities of Monte Carlo, where it is not improbable a few members of ARCHDEACON FARRAR's new Anglican Monastic Brotherhood Co. Limited, will take up their residence in order to convert the gambling lambkins and black sheep from the error of their way. The last time we were at that horribly delightful, infernally paradisaical, but certainly not pharisaical place, we saw eminent English statesmen, all sorts and conditions of men, ladies with their winning ways, musical, literary and artistic celebrities, planking down their money on the red and black, the numbers and the *zéro*, thus amusing themselves by doing with their own just exactly what they have a right to do. Hadn't the Bishop of GIBRALTAR better take a leaf out of his Brother of Peterborough's betting-book? Dr. MAGEE doesn't see what material difference there is between betting on a horse, or on a colour, or speculating on a Stock Exchange chance. Why should that be vicious at Monte Carlo which is honest and fair in Capel Court?

The pharisaism of the Bishop of GIB is resented as an insult by the native Monte-Carlists, who, under their legitimate Bishop of MONACO, have their own chapels and churches, and plenty of hospitals and charitable institutions, founded and endowed by Mlle. ROULETTE and Messrs. ROUGE ET NOIR & C^{ie}, represented, in effect, by the BLANC family, whose name should suggest to the Bishop of GIB that Monte-Carlists are not so black as his Lordship would like to paint them, and no less is the Bishop's action resented by the English at Monte Carlo, who feel inclined to ask the Bishop why he doesn't attempt the evangelisation of TATTERSALL's, Doncaster, Newmarket, Ascot, and other head-quarters of horse-racing and betting? and why he does not go out and preach to the Bears and the Bulls of Capel Court? Of course there's evil there as everywhere, and, of course, all need conversion, even the Three Per Cents, so Mr. GOSCHEN thought; but the poor players of Monte Carlo are not worse than their fellows in and about the great English centres of commerce.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

FIRM as a rock, of moderate height and girth,
Posed SAMSON as "the strongest man on earth."
A modest challenge. *Sollicitur ambulando*—
The rock was staggered by a little Sand oh!

It would reduce the strongest men to shadows to lose a hundred pounds every night. In Tom-and-Jerry days, when a man got worsted, the slang was "There he goes with his eye out!" SAMSON should change names with CYCLOPS, and retain the latter as "his only pupil."

SAMSON among the Philistines caused mirth,
Proving he's not "the strongest man on earth;"
Or if he be, then he, who gained the prize,
SANDOW, must have descended from the skies.

CAVE CANEM!

OH, DR. JOSEPH PARKER,
You're a tremendous barker!
And if your bite
Is equal quite,
You must have teeth like *Carker*.
Your skill at advertising,
And all the world advising,
BARNUM can't flog.
If not a dog,
You're good at dog-matising!
No doubt your stentor yap'll
Fill—if not space—your chapel.
You're always game
To shout—like *Fame*—
And with all foes to grapple.
Were ever you a puppy?
Great gun, with bore quite Kruppy,
Your roar's high art—
Then you're as smart
As the young man named Guppy.
There's nothing in creation
Escapes your observation.
They ought to take
You straight, and make
You watch-dog of the Nation!
Then how you'd bark! Sense urges
Us to the step. It verges
On madness not
To make a lot
Of such a Boanerges!
No muzzle then, no fetter
On sermon, speech, or letter!
(*Mem.*: One thing "log"
"Brag's a good dog,
But Holdfast is a better!")

GUIDING STARS.

PEOPLE who think there are no guides but *Murray*, *Bradshaw*, and *Boadeker* should at once pay a visit to the new home of the Lady Guide Association in Cookspur Street. If they will have ten minutes' chat with the Acting Manageress, Miss EDITH DAVIS—a *rara Davis in terra*—she will tell them all about the object and scope of the Institution, and will show them how useful these Lady Guides are, and how necessary they will be to Country Cousins and others who do not know their way about, but want to see as much as they can in a very little while. The only danger to the susceptible male tourist is from the glances of the Shooting Stars. The number of Lady Guiding Stars, who, however brilliant they may be, must wander occasionally, may be reduced by their becoming Fixed Stars. Mr. *Punch* raises his strongest glass to these Stars, and wishes them success.

THE KAISER AT ATHENS.

"Ancient, beautiful Athens."—*The German Emperor to Prince Bismarck.*

ANCIENT Athens, beside you
Berlin seems extremely new;
Beauteous Athens, on the Spree
There's no city like to thee.
Hear me swear before I go,
'Adhau ods dyarw!

PRINCE VON BISMARCK, if you please,
This, the town of PERICLES,
Quite excites your Kaiser on
Pillars of the Parthenon:
Fairer sight I do not know,
'Adhau ods dyarw!
"Isorépaues," men say
You were dubbed in olden lay;
City of the Violet Crown,
Now you gain a new renown,
Since a Kaiser's blessings flow,
'Adhau ods dyarw!

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL.

"If health and spirits you'd recruit, Just look in for an hour at the Institute!" Why, certainly! Don't see why I shouldn't sing in a Picture Gallery if I please. Severe critic wags the head at me. I look at him through my hand as if he were a picture. He scowls and leaves gallery. More room for me. What a lot of pictures! "Six hundred pictures I compute, Are hung upon the walls of the Institute!" "Self-sown Fire," by FRANK WALTON. Good! Might go firmer and fare worse. Sort of picture I pine for. "The Swing of Alderney." A swinging good sea-scape, by HARRY HINE. "A Royal Palace," a delightful study of Hampton Court, by JOHN F. LEXYLOVE, and I'm full o' love for the picture. "Under the Silver Moon"—real moonlight, not theatrical effect, by E. F. BREWSTER. "Twilight," by A. HARRISON, also good and true. "Babes in the Wood." Poor dears—no fine deer—by S. E. WALLER. "Our Ducks"—not in frocks, but in feathers, and capably rendered, by TOM LLOYD. "Evening." Delightful bit of Thames, by C. J. LEWIS. "O long may LEWIS con-tribute, Such pictures to be hung at the Institute!" "Rook and Pigeon"—full of force and character. A capital study of "military men." Ha! ha! Tells its own story well with the aid of its painter—F. D. MILLET. "Intruders." Two little girls on the sea-shore, apparently looking for their clothes, which probably the intruders have stolen. Figures deftly limned—that is to say, limbs well drawn—by W. H. BARTLETT. "Each child should have a bathing suit! For they'll find it somewhat chilly at the Institute!" "The Lull before the Storm," by W. L. WYLLIE. "O WYLLIE, we've not missed you!" Glad we haven't, or we should have missed one of the best pictures in the show. "From Shiplake Hill," by ALFRED PARSONS. Bright, breezy, delightful, and just like the place. "The Evening Mist," by S. J. SOLOMON. Why mist? The meaning is somewhat misty, unless it means that the young lady has missed all her clothing. "I would quite strike Mr. HORSLEY mute! If he saw this merry maiden at the Institute!" "An Improvisatore," by J. W. NICOL. Despite the name of the artist, it is sterling metal and no nickel about it. Looks like our old friend who used to sing at race-courses. "Penarth, from Cardiff," by E. HAYES. A bit of real fresh sparkling sea. Almost makes you onaisy to look at. Very clear, though undoubtedly hayesey. How's that, Umpire? "A Summer Day," by KEELEY HALSWELLE. Capital! All's well when he wields the brush. "Oh, weel may the KEEL"—paint! Qu'est-ce KEELEY, ah! But no matter! "Jeanie," by MISS C. E. PLIMPTON, a delightful little maiden, charmingly painted! "I'd like that damsel to salute!—But it wouldn't be quite proper at the Institute!" "Passing Clouds," by ERNEST PARTON, an earnest study from Nature, delightfully rendered. "Henry Russell at 77," by WALTER GOODMAN—two good men together. Why, bless me! I recollect HENRY RUSSELL singing "The Ship on Fire" at the very first public entertainment I ever was at. "I'd like to hear him execute,—Another of his songs at the Institute!" "Flowers of the Field," by J. CLAYTON ADAMS—bright and fresh. "The Proposal," by HAYNES WILLIAMS—another rendering of *How the Men Propose*.

And there is plenty more to look at. "Venice," by OSCAR WILSON; "Haycocks," by EDGAR ELLIS; "Bookbinders' Work-room," by HERMAN G. HERKOMER; "Half Afraid," by F. MORGAN; "Sunset—Low Tide," by A. HELCKE; "A Corner of the Studio," by LEONARD WYBURD; "An October Storm," by T. H. MCLACHLAN. I haven't seen half the pictures as yet. "Oh, had I only brought my lute—I would sing all the glories of the Institute!" Secretary says I mustn't sing. Here's SIR JAMES LINTON—he objects to my singing—I object to his not exhibiting a picture. We come to words, and from words we come to a Policeman. Sir JAMES pretends he doesn't know me. Secretary looks other way. Policeman says, "Now then!"—"The Peeler he looks resolute,—So I gracefully retire from the Institute!"

THE WARRLING CRITIC.

"TIS GOOD TO BE MURRAY AND WISE."

THE most interesting article in *Murray's Magazine* for this month is Mr. JOHN MURRAY's brief and well-written account of "The Origin and History" of his own celebrated *Handbooks for Travellers*. He justly complains of HERR BARDEKER and all his works. He would not have been angry with Messrs. BARDEKER had they only contrived to infringe the laws of copyright, and so brought themselves within reach of the law. But they have cleverly avoided this, while availing themselves of the information which MURRAY had collected; and they added insult to injury by sending out BARDEKER bound "in the same Red Cover."

No matter, Mr. JOHN MURRAY, evil doings never prosper, and, after all, your work is known all over the world as "The Travelling Englishman's Bible," without which no tourist's luggage is complete. So henceforth be our touring motto, "A las BARDEKER, and St. George for Murray England!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF Mr. J. L. STEVENSON told me that after a course of *John Inglesant*, *Barry Lyndon*, and *Emmond*, the idea had occurred to him of writing *The Master of Ballantine* I should not be in the least surprised,

for the story has thepedantrywith-out the charm of *Emmond*, the gloom without the wit of *Barry Lyndon*, and some of the pictu-resqueness and all the tediousness, but very little of the fascination of *John Inglesant*. How it has come to be praised so highly as I am informed it has been I am unable to understand, thereby, of course, admitting an intellectual defect in the presence of very superior persons.

The Pariah, by Mr. F. ANSTAY, is one of the cleverest books that has appeared for many years. As ZOLA extracted a drama out of *Le Bonheur des Dames*, so has the author of *Vice Versa* produced a tragedy from scenes in the life of a shop-boy. Anyone who can read unmoved the trials of *Allan*, the poor persecuted hero, must have a heart of stone. Of humble birth and cruelly neglected education, he sacrifices his life for the sake of the woman he adores with all the chivalry of a Bayard. And the wretched selfishness of the girl for whom the sacrifice is made renders the act of devotion the more touching. The story is full of interest, and has been built up with infinite care. The sketches of character are admirable. Volumes One and Two are more interesting than Volume Three, because in the latter *Margot*—the hateful, contemptible heroine of the book—is more on evidence than her heroic step-brother. Mr. ANSTAY very skilfully attempts to tone down the repulsiveness of *Margot's* character by suggesting that she is not quite so bad as she seems, and marrying her to a gentleman with an appointment in Japan. As *Margot* is morally responsible for her step-brother's death, and, strictly speaking, deserves hanging, there are few who will not stealthily hope that her husband, when he gets her back to Japan, will lose his temper, and give her a thorough good shaking. Poetic justice demands that she should have such a fate. *The Pariah* is a decided advance upon *The Giant's Robe*, and marks a turning-point in its author's life. Henceforward, Mr. ANSTAY will take his place as a novelist of the first rank.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

LONDON COUNCIL COMMITTEES.

(Suggestions for appropriate Chairmen.)

COMMITTEES.	CHAIRMEN.
Fire Brigade Committee	MR. BURNS.
Parks and Open Spaces Committee	MR. BRANCH.
Contagious Diseases (Animals) Committee	MR. HOGG.
Housing of Working-classes Committee	MR. HOLMFN.
Finance Committee	MR. MARES.
Bridges Committee	MR. FORD.
Highways Committee	MR. RLODES.
Taxation of Land Committee	MR. RENTOUL.
Parliamentary Committee	MR. LAWSON.
Sanitary Committee	MR. STRONG.
Valuation of Land Committee	MR. COTELLO.
Main Drainage Committee	MR. MYER.

New Nursery Rhyme:

(For the Bakers on Strike.)

CO-OPERATE, overworked Baker's man!
Make it ten hours a day if you can.
"Not to-day, Baker!" the Sweaters agree:
But "Death in the Oven" disgusts Mr. P.

CURIOUS ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—On the day that the report of the settlement of the *Miss Phyllis Broughton v. Lord Dangan Breach* of Promise case for £2,500 appeared in the papers, the advertised programme of the Covent Garden Concerts contained this item of attraction: "Mr. JOHN VOTREY will sing this evening, 'Phyllis is My Only Joy!' and 'Good-bye, Sweetheart' (HATTON)." Certainly—a good finish; hat on, and walk off.



A SOFT ANSWER.

"JANE, I SAW THAT POLICEMAN SPEAK TO YOU. THAT'S THE THIRD POLICEMAN I'VE SEEN SPEAKING TO YOU THIS MORNING. I CAN'T ALLOW THAT!"

"NO, MA'AM. BUT THE POLICEMEN ALWAYS DO ADMIRE BABY SO—THEY CAN'T 'ELP STOPPIN' AND ASKIN' ABOUT 'IM. THEY ALL SAY AS THEY NEVER SEE SUCH A FINE CHILD!"

"ADIEU!!!"

La République loquax :-

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow,"
Yet must we part, I fear.
How dull will be the morrow
With you no longer here!
I really am half frightened,
The sun scarce seems to shine—
Without you. You have brightened
Our Great Year, Eighty-Nine;
The year of Celebration
Of—well of certain things,
To which not every nation
The warmest welcome brings.
In fact, dear, Revolution,
When it is tinged with Red,
(Though but in retribution)
Fills timid souls with dread;
And it was rather risky
Your fortunes to combine
With forces fierce and friaky
That ruled in Seventy-Nine.
But you, as the fair sequel
Has very plainly shown,
Were to the occasion equal,
My beautiful, my own!
Yes, you conciliated
My disingenuous foes,
I saw them, who so hated,
Half friendly ere your close.
Your wondrous fascination
Was all too much for them;
For English affectation,
And eke for German phlegm.
Italians, jealous, cranky,
Grew courteous, for your sake;

As for the swarming Yankee,
He fairly "took the cake."
You softened the stiff Spanish,
And warmed the stolid Dutch,
And now, my dear, you vanish!
It is indeed too much!
Pardon this deliquescence!
You never made me weep,
Until I felt your presence,
I could no longer keep.
You filled the Beauteous City
With nearly half the earth.
The world should be more witty,
More capable of mirth,
For these mad months of revel
In the great Champ de Mars.
It may not reach my level,
It may not "shock the stars;"
But sure your crowded acres,
Your dances, and your drinks,
Might stir the dullest Quakers
To wit, and warmth, and winks.
The "Orient," in your pictures,
Was *piquant, chic, and peshutt!*
And as for prudish strictures
On them we may be mute.
You sent us up like rockets,
Nous autres. The Great City
Filled all its streets—and pockets.
'Tis past, dear,—oh! the pity!

And one thing more I owe you.
Hardly till you depart
I really, fully know you,
O mistress of my heart!
That ancient Bastille business
Might have set fools agog,

Now charmed—by you—to dizziness,
Contentedly they jog;
And then, dear, the Elections!
The chances of the Urns
Roused me to strange reflections,
Hopeful and sad by turns.
Thanks to you, *pas de danger!*
Reaction you disarmed;
You bottled up BOULANGER,
And the Red Spectre charmed.
Despite all cynic snarling,
"I was you and your great Tower,
"Saved the Republic," darling!
I owe you peace and power;
Safety—*pro tem.*—from faction,
From zealots coarse and crude,
Mad Reds and crass Reaction.
Accept my gratitude!
And so, adieu! It must be!
The hour is struck! I fear!
In whom shall now my trust be?
What bodes the coming year?
Hushed is the brilliant Babel,
Though you have left its Tower.
As popular and stable
Be *La République's* power!
No fault of yours, at any rate,
Should History say, "She fell
Enfeebled foul, degenerate."
Farewell, *ma chère*, farewell!!!

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE."—Now
that the annual Licensing Day is past, and
the Music-hall Inspection is of no present value,
what a dull time the MUCK DOUGALL must be
having! He will have to take up the drains
again. Yes, to be sewer.



“ADIEU!!!”

MADAME LA FRANCE. “GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR! DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU! DON’T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT YOU!!”

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A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

(Disrespectfully dedicated by Mr. Punch to the Songbird Slayers.

"Blackbirds are a very popular decoration just now. They are placed singly on the bonnets and collectively on the hats, being in some instances poised as if for immediate fly, and in others, perched in all manner of attitudes. No other bird is as well liked as the blackbird, for none can give the same air of smartness to a hat or bonnet."—*Fashion Review*.

AIR—"A Song of Sixpence."

SING a song of slaughter
Worthy a wild cat!
Four - and - twenty
blackbirds
Perched on a hat!

When the Summer
opened
Blackbirds began to
sing,
But by gentlewoman's
wish
They were shot a-wing.



The Milliner in her
counting-house
Counting out her
money!

The swell dame in her
drawing-room,
Looking sweet as
honey!

Punch walked in his
garden, [close.
At the Autumn's
In sick despair that
women fair
Should be the birds' worst foes!

CONCERNING, MORE OR LESS, THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

(An Extract from a City Catechism.)

Question. Can you tell me anything about the Lord Mayor's Show this year?

Answer. Not much, save that the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS are both to have something to do with it.

Q. But, will not that fact argue that the costumes will be correct, and the *mise-en-scène* perfect?

A. Certainly. Mr. WINGFIELD will never cease to be remembered as the designer of the dresses worn in the *Masque of Flowers*, at Gray's Inn, and the stage-management of AUGUSTUS DRUMHOLANUS is not to be equalled, much less surpassed.

Q. Will there be any particular novelty in this year's Show?

A. Certainly. Major BURNABY will no longer appear in a magnificent uniform on a charger, as the City Marshal, but will join the crowd in the Lord Mayor's coach, wearing a barrister's gown and wig?

Q. Dear me! Why this change?

A. The gallant Major has retired from the military duties of the City to become the Common Crier.

Q. Is it not true that the LORD MAYOR Elect wished to walk in the procession, instead of using the State Coach?

A. Yes, when Mace and Sword would both have had a bad time of it, especially if it had rained!

Q. How could the LORD MAYOR Elect have avoided riding in a carriage on the Sabbath, without causing comment or commotion?

A. By allowing someone else to have been Chief Magistrate this time, and waiting his turn until a year arrived when the Ninth of November did not fall on a Saturday.

Q. What startling piece of information has the incident revealed?

A. That, in spite of his name and general appearance, Sir HENRY AARON ISAACS is a member of the Hebrew persuasion!

Q. Did not the LORD CHANCELLOR refer to this fact in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his existence in the Nineteenth Century instead of the Twelfth?

A. Yes, for seven hundred years ago the LORD MAYOR, had he been a Jew, would have been treated to a stake instead of a turtle!

Q. I believe that Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD celebrated the 700th anniversary of the Mayoralty by giving a ball at the Mansion House last week?

A. He did; but, somehow or another, it fell rather flat.

Q. Is not the Lord Mayor's Show to include FITZALWYKE in the character of the First Mayor of London?

A. So it is said, a fact which argues that GILBERT BEKET, father of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Portreve of London, and a member of the community which subsequently became known as the Mercers' Company, can be little known east of the Griffin.

Q. Is historical accuracy absolutely necessary in the Lord Mayor's Show?

A. Certainly not, so long as the show have something strange to see, they will be satisfied.

Q. What great historical character could have been appropriately introduced into this year's Procession?

A. Mr. P. T. BARNUM, who would have found himself quite at home amongst such surroundings.

Q. And now one more question. The LORD MAYOR of London appears in two aspects. In the first he is worthily the Chief Magistrate of the greatest City in the World, a person of infinite importance. In the second, he is merely an uncouth gormandiser of turtle. Which is the correct view?

A. Both! It depends upon the holder of the office to falsify either!

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. XI.—THE PANEGYRIC PATTERN.

THIS ditty is designed to give some expression to the passionate enthusiasm for Nature which is occasionally observable in the Music-hall songstress. The young lady who sings these verses will of course appear in appropriate costume; viz., a large white hat and feathers, a crimson sunshade, a pink frock, high-heeled sand-shoes, and a liberal extent of black silk stockings. A phonetic spelling has been adopted where necessary to bring out the rhyme, for the convenience of the reader only, as the Singer will instinctively give the vowel-sounds the pronunciation intended by the author.

First Verse.

Oh, I love to sit a-gyzyng on the boundless blue horizing,
When the scorching sun is blyzyng down on sands, and ships, and sea!

And to watch the busy figgers of the happy little diggers,
Or to listen to the niggers, when they choose to come to me!

Chorus (to which the Singer should sway in waltz-time.)

For I'm ofully fond of the Sea-side!
If I'd only my w'y I would de-side
To dwell evermore,
By the murmuring shore,
With the billows a-blustering de-side!

Second Verse.

Then how pleasant of a morning, to be up before the dorning,
And to sally forth a-prorning—e'en if nothing back you bring!
Some young men who like fatigue 'll go and try to pot a sea-gull,
What's the odds if it's illegal, or the bird they only wing!

Chorus—For it's one of the sports of the Sea-side! &c.

Third Verse.

Then what j'y to go a b'fthing—though you'll swim, if you're a sly thing,
Like a mermaid nimbly writhing, with a foot upon the sand!

When you're tired of old Poseidon, there's the pier to promenade on,
STRAUSS, and SULLIVAN, and HAYDN form the programme of the band.

Chorus—For there's always a band at the Sea-side! &c.

Fourth Verse.

And, with boatmen so beguiling, sev'ral parties go out siling,
Sitting all together smiling, handing sandwiches about,
To the sound of concertiner,—till they're gradually greener,
And they wish the ham was leaner, as they sip their bottled stont.

Chorus—And they cry, "Put us back on the Sea-side!" &c.

Fifth Verse.

There is pleasure unalloyed in hiring hacks and going roiding,
(If you stick on tight, avoiding any cropper or mishap.)
Or about the rocks you ramble; over boulders slip and scramble;
Or sit down and do a gamble, playing "Loo" or "Penny Nap."

Chorus—"Penny Nap" is the gyme for the Sea-side! &c.

Sixth Verse.

Then it's lovely to be spewning, all the glamour of the mewn in,

With your love his banjo tewning, ere flirtation can begin!
As along the sands you're strowling, till the hour of ten is towling,
And your Ma, severely scowling, asks "Wherever you have bin!"

Chorus—Then you answer "I've been by the Sea-side!" &c.

Seventh Verse.

Should the sky be dark and frowning, and the restless winds be mowning,
With the breakers' thunder drowning all the laughter and the glee;

And the day should prove a drencher, out of doors you will not ventcher,
But you'll read the volumes lent yer by the Local Librarree!

Chorus—For there's sure to be one at the Sea-side! &c.

Eighth Verse.

If the weather gets no calmer, you can patronise the dramer,
Where the leading lady charmer is a chit of forty-four;
And a duty none would shirk is to attend the strolling circus, (dror!
For they'll all be in the workhouse, should their antics cease to

Chorus—And they're part of the joys of the Sea-side! &c.

Encore Verse (to be used only in case of emergency).

Well, I reelly must be gowing—I've just time to make my bow in—
But I thank you for allowing me to patter on so long.
And if, like me, you're pining for the breezes there's some brine in,
Why, I'll trouble you to jine in with the chorus to my song!

Chorus (all together)—Oh, we're ofully fond of the Sea-side! &c.



CHILL OCTOBER.

Fair Lady. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS YOU 'VE GOT, SIR GORGIOUS!"
Sir Gorgious (who is no Botanist). "A—YES. I FLATTER MYSELF THEY 'RE NOT
 BAD—CONSIDERING THE TIME OF YEAR!"

RACING THE "RECORD."

(Suggestion for a brief Mid-Atlantic Cantata.)

"Tearing a-head with the green sea sweeping the decks from end to end, never slackening speed in the face of the heaviest weather, regardless alike of the risk of crashing into some coming vessel and of the chance of splitting in half on some suddenly appearing ice-berg, as of the dense fog which conceals both; with fires blazing and stokers fainting over the stress of work that is wrong out of them—the passage is made, from start to finish, at high-pressure pace. What is gained is a few hours' triumph in time over the performance of some rival Company, and the cost, if the practice be not speedily checked, will, sooner or later, most assuredly be the loss in Mid-Atlantic of a whole shipload of loudly-protesting but as yet helpless and totally unheeded passengers."—Notes of some recent Atlantic Passages taken at random from the Daily Papers.

The Scene is supposed to represent the quarter-deck of the Blue and White-Spangled Ball Company's celebrated liner, "Spasmodic," making her way at full speed across the Atlantic in the face of an opposing hurricane. Most of those on board have been driven to their berths by the terrible weather, but a small and desperate remnant, who have noticed that though a blinding snow-storm has just set in and lent additional danger and horror to the situation, the Captain instead of slackening speed has only shouted down the pipe to the Engine-room, "to pile on the coal, open all the draughts, and get if possible another couple of knots an hour out of her," summoning all their remaining energies, and maddened with terror and physical discomfort, pursue him to the bridge, where, surrounding him as well as they can by clinging to the bulwarks, they denounce him in the following chorus:—

CHORUS OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

HEAVENS! we are wild with witless wonder! [motion,
 Dazed with terror! sicken'd with the [crashing,
 Dragging-over, through, but mostly Boilers hissing, and with furnace
 under [Ocean! flashing,
 Volumes of this cursed Atlantic Your way you feel! [take,—
 We care not to go a little faster, A precious way!—which we, alas! must
 At the cost of danger or disaster— For we are bound to follow in your
 Yet, like slaves, bound to a despot wake! [afford—
 We've no appeal. [master, Now, if to argue you would dare

[A tremendous sea breaks over the deck, and flooding everything, sweeps half the Chorus away.

Excuse us,—but there's some one overboard—
 A boat, a line,—a life-buoy you'd best drop.

THE CAPTAIN (looking gloomily at the sea and then consulting his watch.)

Perhaps! (hesitating). But no! I haven't time to stop!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (struggling to get together, and though dripping and disheartened, assuming, as well as they can, a threatening attitude.)

Inhuman! Monstrous!

CAPTAIN (reflectively).!

P'raps you may be right.

(Still turning it over.)

And yet, perhaps,—on second thoughts,—not quite!

FRANTIC PASSENGERS (with much interest).

"On second thoughts!" Those mystic words make clear.

CAPTAIN (with alacrity).

With pleasure! if you'll kindly lend your ear.

In matters personal I needs must dip

To show you how I have to "boss" this ship.

But as your language has been somewhat strong,—
 I think I'll sing to you the "Captain's song."

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

Arranging themselves in attitudes of profound attention.

You cannot well make right come out of wrong,
 But, never mind! we'll hear the Captain's song."

THE CAPTAIN'S SONG.

When I was a sailor lad, don't you know,

I thought it all right to act on the square:

But that was a precious long time ago,

And life seemed then quite another affair!

For to bring home your cargo safe and sound

Was the game we played, acting fair all round;

But in those days no foe had you to meet,

Nor hour to save, nor Record to beat!

And just to give all sound seamanship the slip,

Was never the way to become Boss of your Ship!

But now that I've grown older, don't you know,

I'm bound just to see which way the wind sets.

Well,—it's dead against the passage that's slow,

Which judgment falls in with the hints one gets.

"Pile on the coal, and never mind the bill!"

"Burst on through fog, mate, you won't have a spill,"

"And if another craft you chance to meet,—

Cut it down,—but the Record you must beat!"

"Let the six days prove a downright racing trip;

See to this,—and you shall be Boss of your Ship!"

FRANTIC PASSENGERS.

We with the Captain have no wish to quarrel,

Though we must own we find his song immoral.

CAPTAIN (with melancholy resignation).

Ah! you behold in me the child of chances,

The victim of untoward circumstances.

(He issues further orders through the pipe communicating with the Engine-room.)

Orders must be obeyed! (A tremendous crash heard.)

Dear me! This clatter?

[The vessel dashes on to an Ice-berg and sinks. The Captain and Frantic Passengers escape from the waves and climb up its sides.

CAPTAIN (calmly surveying the scene).

Ah, well! Apparently this ends the matter!

FINALE OF FRANTIC PASSENGERS!

Awful! Still, what we expected,

And the Company detected,

Now shall pay for all its crimes.

For our wrongs communicating,

We our case soon will be stating,—

In a Letter to the Times!

[The Frantic Passengers are about to advance on the now defenceless Captain, when the Scene opens at the back and discloses the Diseased Demon of Unwholesome Competition, who, smiling blandly on the struggling Survivors, stretches out a protecting hand over him as Curtain falls.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 6. "ALL HARCOURTS."

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIII. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT MALWOOD, LYNDEHURST.

As you journey down by the London and South-Western Railway, which has brought Salisbury well within two hours of Waterloo, and leaves Hampton Court sometimes an hour and a half behind, you have time to reflect upon the oddity of the appellation of the district whither you are, more or less, hurrying. The natural disposition, in reflecting upon the New Forest, is to imagine a recent plantation, where the young twigs wrestle with each other for space and breadth. But, as you presently discover, the New Forest is really old. It certainly existed in the time of WILLIAM RUFUS (so called on account of the

colour of his hair), who was shot within a few paces of the place where the Squire of Malwood, with finger and thumb gently caressing his generous chin, meditates on the art of governing men. It is, indeed, time that facts were boldly confronted, and, what has for centuries been known as the New Forest, should now be frankly recognised as the Old.

You are thinking of these things as you cross the dewlapped lawn, that spreads itself like a great green apron before the stately towers of Malwood. To the meditative mind, such as that possessed by your host, this is, perchance, the choicest season of the year at which to dwell in the glades of the New Forest. The hand of Autumn has daintily touched the leaves on the immemorial trees, and, behold!



HUNTING HINTS.

PUT ON PLENTY OF PACE WHEN RIDING AT WATER—AND YOU'RE BOUND TO GET OVER—SOMEHOW.

they glow with colour which it would be difficult to match at LIBERTY'S, in Regent Street. The recent high winds have dealt hardly with the giants of the wood, robbing them of the cherished companionship of the leaves, which now lie strewn in glade and roadway, covering the earth with what, in the distance, looks like a faded Turkey carpet.

Through a long corridor, adorned with heads of deer bought of JAMRACH, and the colossal antlers of the New Forest stag which WILLIAM RUFUS was stalking when he met with the accident above alluded to, your host leads the way to his study. As his tall figure lithely moves over the harsh kamptulicon with a brisk footfall that scorns eighteen stone and sixty-two years, you cannot help being attracted by the picturesqueness of his attire. It consists, to the outward view, of a single garment, once white, which envelops the stately figure from shoulder to heel. About the massive chest the garment is cunningly gathered in pleats, and boldly stitched.

"Ah, Tony! old friend," says the Squire of Malwood. "I see you are admiring my dress. You recognise the good old English smock-frock? I always wear it down in the country. It combines ease with elegance, and I am told it washes well, though, as yet, I have not put it to the test."

Before the deeply mullioned window in the study where the Squire of Malwood sits and broods over impromptus that shall scintillate through the House of Commons, there is opened a broad glade of spruce firs, laurels and a row of radiant rhododendra. In the intervals of his interesting political career the Squire of Malwood has found time to carry out a notable idea. Hemmed in by the so-called New Forest he could, as he pleasantly puts it, hardly see the wood for the trees. He has, accordingly, cut out glades in front of the principal windows, and you are glancing down one facing the study, when your host, suddenly dropping into a high-backed armchair once the property of the father of ALFRED The Great, tells you the story of his life. Incidentally, and by way of illustrating successive episodes, your host reaches forth his hand, and takes from the serried ranks of books which fill the beetling recesses of the bearded bog-oak book-case a volume of *Hansard*. You notice that there is a remarkable similarity in the contents of the book-case. They are, as you presently learn, all volumes of *Hansard*, or scrap-books stoutly bound filled with newspaper extracts. You observe, that in each volume of *Hansard* pages are here and there turned down, in each case, oddly enough, at a speech delivered by your host, whilst the scrap-books are full of the stored wisdom he has generously distributed in various parts of the country. Your host proposes, if you have nothing else to do, that you should spend the afternoon there, looking through the series of speeches over which the lambent light of wit flashes. But you remember you have an engagement in town, and must think of going.

"But you haven't lunched," says your genial host, his handsome face aglow with the beams of hospitality, too rarely seen in your recent wandering. You admit that you have not yet lunched, but observe (jocosely), that the day is young. Your genial host explains that he always lunches at twelve o'clock, and heartily invites you to follow him. He leads the way, not into the dining-room as you

expect, but out under the antlers of the New Forest stag, through the ancient porch of Malwood, under the brick gables of the old mansion.

"Wait there a moment," he says, and trips off, holding the smock-frock skittishly by the skirt, disclosing a pair of costly carpet slippers guiltless of heel.

Whilst you are musing in pleased anticipation of the coming symposium, regarding it as a favourable opportunity of learning more of the history of the remarkable man who is your host, the Squire of Malwood comes back, carrying a parcel wrapped up in a red and blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. He leads the way by the belt of spruce firs and laurels, crossing and re-crossing the limpid waters of the willow-fringed brook, till you reach a field of magnificent mangel-wurzels, which stretches in illimitable length, till it threatens to impinge on the distant Wiltshire Downs. You begin to think that the question of lunch has escaped your genial host, but are promptly undeceived. The Squire of Malwood scrambles on to a low wall skirting the broad pasture-land, and untying the red and blue cotton handkerchief discloses its contents—a thick chop of bacon, half a loaf, and a crust of Dutch cheese.

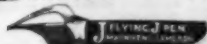
"I always lunch here," he says, as you gaze in some embarrassment on the prospect. "Quite the thing in the country, you know. Get up on the wall, and fall to. Got a pocket-knife? No? Always carry a pocket-knife with you. I'll lend you mine in a moment," and your host produces from a recess in the skirt of the smock-frock a buck-handled steel implement, which he opens, and proceeds to slice the slab of bacon, falling-to at his meal with alarming gusto.

On the whole, you decide that it is rather early for luncheon, and your host, still seated on the wall, and working lustily with the buck-handled implement, continues the story of his life, which, somehow, seems to have lost in interest, and you are not sorry when, the crust and cheese having followed the bacon and the bread, your host descends from the wall, and still gaily chatting, walks with you through the quiet Autumn fields towards the bustling railway station.

AN HEREDITARY GRAND FALCONER, who, though provided with a shilling handbook on "the management of the hawk," hoods, claw-bells, and other requisite paraphernalia of his calling, has had, in consequence of the operation of domestic and economic reforms, to relinquish his situation, together with its emoluments, would be glad to hear of some other post, hereditary or otherwise, where he would be expected to discharge duties of a similar light and fanciful character at an equally adequate and satisfactory rate of remuneration. As, though nominally a "Falconer," owing to the fact that in his last place, in consequence of the entire absence of any birds, his acquaintance with the management of the falcon might be regarded as theoretical rather than practical, he is not particular, in seeking another situation, to devote himself to the charge of this particular kind of feathered creature, but would willingly undertake the care of canaries, a few parrots, or even, under certain conditions, a dozen or two of the common domestic fowl. Indeed, for a suitable stipend, which the Advertiser chiefly requires, he would not object to devote his attention to the charge of a collection of white mice, rabbits or guinea-pigs.

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